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## WHERE THE \$250,000 WENT.

SALT LAKE TAXPAYERS are invited to read and consider carefully the statement published elsewhere showing what became of the \$250,000 water bond fund voted two years ago for the improvement of the city water supply.

Remembering the promises made at the time by the men who now compose the city administration, the result achieved—or lack of results—should afford a lesson of practical value for future reference.

Of the \$250,000 spent, over \$100,000 went for pipe contracts given a favored contractor. Water rights, supposedly carrying an increase in the city's supply, cost \$68,210.25, but it now develops that these "rights," acquired at enormous expense, are valuable only to the land on which they are located; they cannot be piped direct into the city without involved litigation, and so far they have not relieved the city's distress at all.

Sixty-five hundred dollars was spent for a Jordan river water right which has a lawsuit attached and cannot be used for city purposes until the courts pass on it. Nearly \$21,000 has been spent on what is euphonically called the Utah lake reservoir and Jordan river channel; a reservoir of no practical use, and a "channel" without water except such as is supplied by the canal companies' pumping station at a cost of about \$10,000 per annum to the city.

The whole statement reeks with its showing of incompetency, dishonest contracts and perverted use of a trust fund. An expert examination of the books would probably show even more flagrant abuses of official authority than appear on Auditor Reiser's belated and unsatisfactory statement.

If there were no other reason for ousting the present city and county republican "gangs" from office, this showing would be enough to justify a revolution in city and county affairs.

## DREYFUS AND ZOLA.

WHAT AN ODDLY PATHETIC story that is which comes from Paris to explain why ex-Captain Dreyfus will not attend the funeral of his friend Zola today! And how characteristic it is of the French nation. Dreyfus was anxious to pay the last possible mark of respect to the man who had so ardently championed his cause when all the French world seemed against him. The sentiment was as natural as it was praiseworthy, but Dreyfus will not be present when the funeral oration is pronounced over Zola's body today.

He will not be among those who follow the remains to the cemetery. Acting in accordance with the request of Mme. Zola and the police department, Dreyfus will mourn apart from the others. It was feared that his presence might provoke a disgraceful riot and to avoid such a contretemps, sadly against his will Dreyfus must stay away. It is hard to find an expression that suitably describes a people so lost to the proprieties that they refuse to respect bereavement.

Dreyfus has no more power now to harm the French nation than has his dead friend. Broken in health and spirits, he is waiting in seclusion for his summons before the great court-martial that makes no mistakes. Zola was his best, almost his only, champion at a time when he sorely needed a champion, but the French mob would start a riot if he appeared at the bereaved home. Why should such a state of affairs exist? Why should the national press be so bitter against Dreyfus that it urges the people to break up a funeral ceremony at the instant of his appearance?

The answer is found in the old, old doctrine, a doctrine as true as it is old, that no man ever hates another man so cordially as the man he has wronged. This is as true of nations as of men. Dreyfus has been cruelly wronged by the French press and public and their vindictive hatred is pursuing him into his retirement to such an extent that the mob would desecrate a grave to wreak its spite on him.

It is not often good for men to thank God that they are not as other men are, even when they happen to be Americans, but it is proper in this instance to thank God that in America the lowest scoundrel that ever cheated a gallow or a prison would be as safe at the funeral of a friend as in the most sacred of sanctuaries.

## COMPULSORY ARBITRATION.

PRESIDENT ROOSEVELT'S spectacular effort to settle the coal strike and his equally spectacular failure bring out with added force the necessity for a compulsory arbitration law that will effectually end labor disputes before employers, employees or people are seriously affected. Those who have studied the labor problem closely have long since been convinced that compulsory arbitration is the only possible method of securing a satisfactory solution of the great labor problem.

The compulsory arbitration plan has been tried in other countries, notably New Zealand, with results that have been satisfactory in every instance. In New Zealand no strike has occurred for more than five years. Prior to the passage of the compulsory arbitration law difficulties between employers and

employees were numerous and expensive, not only to the men directly involved, but to the general public.

Now, in order that its readers may have some idea of the New Zealand act, The Herald presents herewith a synopsis of its provisions:

First—The law provides two courts for the settlement of labor questions; the initiatory court being a board of conciliation and the final court a board of arbitration. Neither of these can be employed by other than trades unions, or organizations registered under the law as labor unions. To facilitate the use of the statute, seven men may organize into a trade union. It is therefore apparent that the law encourages union labor.

Second—It does not prevent private conciliation or arbitration, but places both parties where justice may step in should the conditions be unreasonable or unbearable.

Third—The principle of conciliation is exhausted before the last court is resorted to. But should this fail, the principals must arbitrate.

Fourth—The court may inflict any punishment which it considers proper for disobedience of its award.

Fifth—Forms of procedure are provided where capital and labor wish to settle disputes by private arbitration and the enforcement of the awards is also provided for.

Sixth—The state board of conciliation is chosen every three years by the workmen and employers. The country is divided into industrial districts and there is one board for each. As soon as they are elected, there being two or three representatives of labor and a like number of employers, the board meets and elects some individual to represent the public, who acts as chairman, and who votes only in case there is a tie.

Seventh—The arbitration court for the whole country is composed of just three persons, two appointed by the governor on the recommendation of the parties in interest, and the third a member of the supreme court. In this way absolute fairness is guaranteed.

Eighth—If the question before the court is of more than ordinary complexity, two experts may be chosen and their opinions given due weight in arriving at a decision.

Strikes are impossible, because, when the employer sees that one is imminent, he may appeal at once to the law and it becomes a punishable offense for his men to quit work until a decision is reached. In like manner employees can prevent unjustifiable lock-outs and reductions in wages. The operation of the statute has resulted in a stability of labor contracts in New Zealand such as is known in no other country.

Had such a law been in operation in the United States, something like \$125,000,000 that the anthracite strike has cost the operators, the miners, the state of Pennsylvania and the merchants of the affected district would have been saved. And better than the saving of this great sum of money, the people of Pennsylvania and the nation would have been spared the bloody rioting with their murders and their destruction of private property.

## DEMOCRATIC PROSPECTS.

A FEW WEEKS AGO, when the day electrician walked into the power house of the water-power plant of the Missouri Light & Power company at Bonner, Mont., he found the night electrician dead on the floor. He had been killed while oiling some of the machinery. The appearance of the body indicated that the fatality occurred before midnight. Yet there was no break in the current, no failure of the power. The dynamo continued to run as though they were being guided by human hands.

So it is with the great engines of the Democratic party. Little men here and there are walking out of the engine room. Some of them are going because they believe political preferment awaits them outside; some are going through conscientious motives, and some are going, as former Senator Cannon said, "because they are told to go." But the machinery continues in full and active operation. It moved before these men were connected with it; it will move long after they have withdrawn.

It is going to take a lot of withdrawals from the Democratic party in Utah to offset the accessions the party is receiving in the persons of Republican voters who have no stomach for machine dictation and machine methods. They are not hoping upon the nearest fence and crowing about their change of heart; they are not rushing into print in party organs with lengthy and absurd reasons for their conversion, but their votes and their influence will count for just as much as that of the deserters, and more.

Those who have studied the local political situation do not find it hard to estimate the number of such defections. It has been stated, and with substantial accuracy, that from one-fourth to one-third of the delegates who attended the Republican county convention will not vote that ticket in its entirety. Those delegates may be fairly supposed to represent a like proportion of the Republican party, for their fellow Republicans elected them as delegates to the convention.

The sentiment against machine rule is alive and growing, as the Republican managers will find to their cost when the votes are counted four weeks from next Tuesday. The independent voters in the party of Smoot and Kearns and Moritz can see no reason why they should go to the polls merely for the purpose of furthering the political ambitions of one or two men. They know if they vote for the Smoot-Kearns slate they will have no more voice in the selection of a United States senator than if they lived in Timbuctoo. The matter has already been arranged.

And they are preparing to register their protest. That the Republican machine is worried is evidenced by the fact that preparations are in progress for the broaching of two barrels. Senator Thomas Kearns has one that will appeal to every heeler and rounder in the ranks of his party—a barrel of coin of the realm. The Honorable Jacob Moritz, nominee for state senator on the Smoot-Kearns ticket, has another barrel that will likewise appeal to the hoodlum element—a barrel of beer from his own brewery, to be tapped in one of his own saloons.

These are arguments that will more than satisfy the disorderly Republicans, but the decent element of the party cannot be reached by them. The

latter will vote the Democratic ticket or stay at home. Nearly all of them will take the former course, too, for it is the only effective method of bringing about the result they desire.

## LETTING DOWN THE BARS.

AS ELECTION DAY draws nearer, President Roosevelt's reason for placing Henry C. Payne, the notorious Wisconsin spoilsman, in the office of postmaster general becomes more apparent. Mr. Payne a few days ago issued a general circular to postmasters in which he tells them, in effect, to get out and hustle for the Republican ticket. He says:

"Postmasters or others having unclassified positions are merely prohibited from using their offices to control political movements, from neglecting their duties or causing public scandal by political activity."

If that isn't a blanket license to all postmasters to whoop things up for the nominees of their party there is no meaning in plain English. It affords them an opportunity to attend political conventions, to make stump speeches, to talk politics all the day long. The only possible manner in which a postmaster can cause a public scandal, in the eyes of Mr. Payne, is by forgetting himself and urging the election of some Democrat to office.

Another feature of the circular which is very interesting is the paragraph relating to employees whose places are protected by civil service rules. In it Mr. Payne lays down this rule:

"A person in the classified service has an entire right to vote as he pleases and to express privately his opinions on all political subjects, but he should take no active part in political management or in political campaigns."

The reason for this order is obvious. It happens that there are a great many Democrats working for the government in the classified service. In the opinion of Mr. Payne it would be manifestly improper for a government employee, provided he happens to be a Democrat, to get out on the stump or to appear prominently in party affairs in any way.

Probably not 1 per cent of the postmasters belong to the Democratic party. Therefore, it is all right to unleash the postmasters for the purposes of the Republican party. The classified service, where men and women hold their places through merit and not because of political influence, is different. They take the stump at their peril, no matter how faithfully their government work is performed.

Isn't it about time for President Roosevelt to come out honestly and admit that he is a spoilsman?

## A POST CANTEN ARGUMENT.

THE HERALD has seen a good many arguments in favor of the re-establishment of the army post canteen, but it has never found one stronger than that contained in the following dispatch from New Rochelle, New York, to the New York Sun:

"James Cullen of the Sixteenth infantry, a veteran who had spent two years in the Philippines, after making an effort to pass the guards and reach the mainland to get a drink today, went to the barber shop at Fort Slocum and, cursing the temperance people who had abolished the canteen, drank a pint bottle of bay rum. He was in the act of draining a second bottle when the barber tried to overpower him. The soldier not only drank the second bottle, but also a decanter of witch hazel. He then ran out of the shop. Cullen was taken to the hospital. He lived about four hours."

Comment on this case is hardly necessary if the facts are as stated in the dispatch.

In electing Professor F. B. Linfield of the Utah Agricultural college to a prominent position in the Agricultural college of Montana, the board of directors of the latter institution showed that they knew a competent man when they see him. Utah will be very sorry to lose Professor Linfield, but his friends will rejoice at this recognition of his merit.

If "the beautiful island of Alaska, resting like a jool on the bosom of the Arctic sea" doesn't experience a seismic disturbance next Tuesday night, The Herald would like to know the reason why. Senator T. Kearns is going to deliver a campaign oration at Park City on that date.

From the way Mr. Howell is starting out he will be in the fix of the Kentucky politician who, describing his party services, said: "I made sixty-seven speeches for the ticket." Instantly came the reply: "That's a mistake. You made the same speech sixty-seven times."

The announcement in the local organ of Republicanism that Bishop McKay of Weber county, if elected to the state senate, will vote for Apostle Smoot for United States senator, is interesting, but is it not news. Most everybody in the state knew that some time ago.

Out of delicate compliment to its most prominent leaders in Salt Lake county this year, the Republican emblem should be two barrels in attitude of defiance—a barrel of hooch for Senator Kearns and a barrel of beer for the Honorable Jacob Moritz.

Even if he is Loose by name, the Utah county Republican heeler needn't think the Grand Central magnate who has been nominated for the state senate down there is going to be loose by nature when it comes to putting up hard coin of the realm.

A defendant who kicked because he had been confined in a dirty cell in the city jail for two days, got an extra sentence of three days for his trouble. That was rather rubbing it in.

Scientists are interested over the question: "May sleep be dreamless?" The sleep of the Republican party in Utah will be dreamless after Tuesday, Nov. 4, anyway.

This is the season of the year when we wish we were able to hire some husky man to wear our winter underwear until he gets all the scratch out of it.

Now John W. Gates is reported to be broken in health. Of a verity this sporting life, like war, is hell.

## Old Sport Discusses Smoot's Senatorial Campaign.

BY JOEL L. PRIEST.

HERE you been this douch deck of months, Sport? asked Johnny, as he ran across the old fellow on the corner of Main and Second South streets the other afternoon.

"Sh, not so loud, John," was the unexpected reply. "I ain't no Fred Leonard, the second, but I want you to come around in the alley while I deals a little game of talk, soft in your ear. I'm a brand snatched from the burning, John, and I'm some warm yet, so I can't afford to let people see me talkin' to you in a public place like this."

"It's this way, John," he continued, after the pair had established themselves in a secluded spot. "I come to the con-

clusion, a long time ago, that it's time for me to shed a few of my sportin' friends. So I cut 'em out and I cut the other things along with 'em. Today, son, I don't know a set of three from a ping pong ball, or a copper from a silver dollar. You see, John, I've got to live decent because I'm boostin' my friend Smoot's game."

"I'm comin' back from Chief Paul's office, where I been to get a skate cap direct for shinin' a couple of dear old gamblin' friends, when who should I butt into but Red. 'Sport,' he says, with a glad apostrophe smile, 'dern my old Utah hide, but I'm glad to see you. Now I'm goin' to ask you to do me one little favor. I want you to brace up, he says, 'an' let me give you a little senatorial campaign here in Salt Lake county. If my friends won't stay by me I'm a dead one,' he says. 'I'm a two-spot in the discard with the corner tore off.'"

"All right, Red," I says, 'I'm with you, old man. You lay out the system an' I'll follow your play from soda to lock, from Gamble to Revelation, as it were. But that moment, John, I'm the snatched brand I alludes to at the outset. Red says cut it out, an' I cut it out. After our little talk that day I be-

lieve I'm in high-class company, where shore bore me some to travel around with cents that ain't wise on the things any child can count, but I takes my medicine dead game, just like I used to in the old days when the cards run bad. I'm not no more of a con than you go on for three or four weeks before I butts into Red again. It's the day of the events which held my convention openin'. I'm in the theatre, where Lindsay Rogers an' George Sutherland is handin' us a few bunches. Say, John, it looks to me like you may have a two-spot in your note about the wheel, but Red he came me. 'Don't you worry a minute, Sport,' shore as he gives me a little word, 'as a old-timer, you knows it's proper to let the sucker win a little at the start, so when the banker show up into him hard he don't realize for a day or two, what he's been up against.'"

"I says, 'only been play your game so raw. With you settin' in the lookout over the wheel, I ain't no more of a con than you go on for three or four weeks before I butts into Red again. It's the day of the events which held my convention openin'. I'm in the theatre, where Lindsay Rogers an' George Sutherland is handin' us a few bunches. Say, John, it looks to me like you may have a two-spot in your note about the wheel, but Red he came me. 'Don't you worry a minute, Sport,' shore as he gives me a little word, 'as a old-timer, you knows it's proper to let the sucker win a little at the start, so when the banker show up into him hard he don't realize for a day or two, what he's been up against.'"

"My son," replied the Old Sport, solemnly, "did you ever see a dirty-faced kid holding a stick of six miles an hour, says he wants a lad that knows a straight box from a squeeze so that he can avoid both of 'em?"

"But hold on a minute, Sport," said Johnny. "I ain't been able to figure out just yet where Tom Kearns sets off at."

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"There's the boys for my money, Sport," he says. "That gang dancin' blow their nose unless I sneeze, an' they'll come a-runnin' just like trained pigs when I whistles," he says.

"John, the first name on Reed's slate paymaster for a time, I had a shock sorter like it once, when I gets a hunch to stay in a fat lack on a pair of shoes, I never bettered. But that's a memory of the dim an' distant past. This first name, John, is that of the Honorable Jacob Moritz. 'Is this the Jake,' I says to Reed, 'that benefits all mankind by turnin' Parley's water into beer an' sellin' it for a dime a glass? Is this the Jake, I says, 'that runs this here saloon where a man gets shot to death most reprehensible on the Sabbath day?'"

"It's that Jake," says Reed, some shame-faced, but Sport, I want you to understand, he says, 'that friendship for Reed Smoot, like charity, he says, 'covereth a multitude of sins. I ain't got no better friend in Salt Lake county than Jake. He may make larger beer an' sell it, he may run saloons seven days a week an' lick because there ain't eight days to sell booze in, but that ain't the question,' he says.

"I fails to see how boostin' Jake is goin' to help out the reform game I'm playin', an' I tells Reed so. 'Sport,' he says, 'are you willin' to see the Rev. Dr. John T. Axton,' he says, 'him that used to be secretary of the Y. M. and Y. L. M. I. A.?' No, hold on," he says, 'because the Y. M. and Y. L. M. I. A. means the boy that Tom Kearns made a army chaplain out of, I says, 'Shore I knows him, an' he's all right.'"

"Well, he's for Jake," says Reed, for Jake first, last an' all the time, from soda to lock, from Gamble to Revelation, as it were, to be more in elegant line with the reverend doctor's new calling. John, knowin' Jake Smoot to be a senator, what's a wanderin' sinner in this vale of tears goin' to do, John? Reed says Jake's all right. The Reverend Doctor John T. Axton says Jake's all right.

"It's up to me to follow suit, so I does it. The way he shoved things along that second day, I was eastern a secret mark from his douch with a squeeze box. It was a case of one-two-three-out-gee-oh-gee-oh, but he roared an' pulled his whiskers an' told what he was doin'."

"I was comin' back from Chief Paul's office, where I been to get a skate cap direct for shinin' a couple of dear old gamblin' friends, when who should I butt into but Red. 'Sport,' he says, with a glad apostrophe smile, 'dern my old Utah hide, but I'm glad to see you. Now I'm goin' to ask you to do me one little favor. I want you to brace up, he says, 'an' let me give you a little senatorial campaign here in Salt Lake county. If my friends won't stay by me I'm a dead one,' he says. 'I'm a two-spot in the discard with the corner tore off.'"

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